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ART. XII.—*Remarks during a Journey through North America in the Years 1819, 1820, and 1821, in a Series of Letters ; with an Appendix containing an Account of several of the Indian Tribes, and the principal Missionary Stations. Also a Letter to M. Jean Baptiste Say, on the comparative Expense of Free and Slave Labor.* BY ADAM HODGSON, Esq. of Liverpool. Collected, arranged, and published, BY SAMUEL WHITING. New York, 1823. pp. 335.

THE author of this volume came to the United States apparently with a good intention, and a disposition to be pleased, qualities of rare occurrence in the transatlantic gentlemen, who have visited us from time to time in the character of travellers. The merit of good intention, and of a prevailing partiality for truth, undoubtedly belongs to Mr Hodgson, which cannot rightly be said, we apprehend, of more than one or two of his predecessors. We do not mean, that all his representations are accurate ; on the contrary, he is often falling into errors, and committing blunders, for which we should be puzzled to find a ready apology. Our charity would incline us, however, to ascribe these rather to a limited observation, and imperfect knowledge of our history, institutions, laws, and customs, than to any natural propensity for

seeing things in a false light, or any inherent love of misrepresentation. It is true, most wise men would think it necessary to be well assured of the accuracy of their own information, before they should proffer their services to enlighten others, and in this particular we must beg to be excused from defending Mr Hodgson, although we may still claim the privilege of respecting his motives.

He tells us, that he travelled upwards of seven thousand miles in the United States ; that is, he went from Maine to New Orleans, and from New Orleans back again to Maine. He also made an excursion to Canada and the Lakes. His remarks are desultory, sometimes woven into the web of a narrative, and at others wrought up into discussions of deeper interest. On the government of the United States, and the peculiarities and manners of the people, he dilates with much freedom and confidence. The state of religion and morals among us, the condition of the slaves and the Indians, agriculture, domestic economy, missionary establishments, emigration, the cultivation and sales of cotton, tobacco, rice, and Indian corn, the comparative value of labor, stage *wagons*, inns, turpentine, tar pits, and numerous other subjects, edifying no doubt to the author's friends at home, are brought under his notice, and receive the benefit of his reflections.

The first pages of his work are devoted to a series of remarks, and some of them judicious, on emigration to the United States and to Canada. He enters into practical calculations, describes the economy and progress of Mr Birkbeck's establishment, and places in a strong light the privations and distresses, which await the first settlers of a new country ; from all which he arrives at the conclusion, that no good Englishman, who values his peace and comfort, will have reason to bless the day, when he deserted the home of his fathers to seek for a resting place in the wilds of the new world. Even his servant James, who at first was slightly touched with the emigration fever, and began to 'wonder how he and his wife would look on this side of the Atlantic,' was restored to sanity, after passing a few days and nights in the log huts of the western woods, and from these short lessons of experience was disposed to think, 'that he was better at home than in America.' This man was doubtless moved by the unerring spirit of philosophy and prudence.

Mr Hodgson gives us no flattering account of the plan adopted by the British government, to induce emigrants to settle in Upper Canada. Public lands on the borders of the old settlements are parcelled into townships, and the townships are divided into lots of one hundred acres each. These lands are assigned for distribution among persons, who will go out and take them up on the following terms. Land offices are stationed in suitable places, to one of which the emigrant must apply, after he has selected the township in which he purposes to settle, and he receives a ticket specifying the hundred acres, which have fallen to his share. He has no other choice, except of the township; the particular part, which he is to occupy, is decided by lot. When he has cleared five acres, made a certain portion of road, and promised, by a formal agreement, that he will not dispose of the land under three years, he is favored with a title. The distributions are made at stated periods, and it often happens, that the impatient emigrant finds his allotted acres to be a waste of rocks, waters, or swamps. No remedy is left, but to wait till the time of another distribution comes round, and perhaps another, before he becomes possessed of such lands as can be cultivated. In the mean time, he is living with his family at expense, without resources or friends. In addition to these terms, the fees of office requisite for gaining possession of land amount to more than half the sum, for which they could be purchased; so that this pretended gift of the government is in reality a burden on the unfortunate sufferers, who are seduced away from their homes by imaginary prospects of relief and comfort in a wilderness. We can easily credit Mr Hodgson when he says, that 'there is not one emigrant in five hundred, who does not feel bitterly disappointed on his arrival at Quebec;' and we question not, that his servant James decided wisely, if this was the kind of emigration, which he contemplated for himself and wife.

Our author has such a rambling way of narrating his adventures, and so successfully sets at defiance the rules of unity and method in arranging his materials, that we shall attempt neither to unravel the thread of his wanderings, nor to bring them into a chronological sequence. At the commencement of his eleventh letter we find him in Washington, listening to the debates on the Missouri question, and making

ready for a tour to the south. From Washington to Charleston he submitted to the discipline of being transported in the mail stage coach, a vehicle with which he seems not to have been in the best humor, and we presume for a good reason, although he bore his calamities with a spirit as philosophical and resigned as could be expected. We do not learn, that he was beset with more difficulties, or untoward accidents, than are common to travellers. His attention was occasionally arrested by scenes of novelty, and he confesses himself particularly charmed with the musical notes of what he calls the 'Virginia nightingales,' or what are known to Americans by the more unpoetical name of frogs. So much was he enchanted with the nocturnal concerts of these early harbingers of spring, that for a time he thought himself listening to the songs of birds. 'I opened my window the first night,' says he, 'supposing these choristers were birds, and it was a night or two before I was undeceived.' With the poet he might say,

'Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night.'

He had serious apprehensions about his baggage, and, as a precautionary measure, fastened one end of a long chain around his trunks on the outside of the coach, and secured it with a padlock, while the other end was conducted to the inside, and made fast in the hand of his servant; 'if he had a nibble, his attention was arrested; and a bite showed that it was high time to stop.' How often these bites occurred, or whether our travellers were in reality attacked, and seized, and shot at, by banditti, is not recorded; we are only informed, that two chains were broken in the service, and that the baggage was found in good condition at the end of the journey.

The driver of the coach was usually a black man, and it was noticed as an odd circumstance, that he should always be accompanied by a small white boy, who regularly went to sleep at night fall, and awoke no more till morning. The mystery was made plain, however, by the knowledge, that the laws of the United States require all mail contractors to send the mail under the charge of a white man, and that, in the eyes of the said contractors, these sleeping boys are wake-

ful, courageous men, armed at all points to protect the mail from the assault of robbers, and the perils of accident. Our observing traveller is not the only person, who has witnessed this abuse, and wondered it should be so slow in coming to the ears of the Post Office Department.

The good people of Raleigh will doubtless be somewhat surprised at the discovery, which the author made while among them, that all the streets in their beautiful and flourishing village 'terminate in the surrounding forest;' and his European readers cannot but marvel, that the inhabitants of a forest should have the taste and the means, if they had the patriotism, to rear in the midst of their woods a statue of Washington from the chisel of Canova.

In the course of this tour the author describes a southern tavern, which, to say the least, must be highly gratifying to those, who love to hear of American hospitality, and who look forward to the time, when, in the progress of coming events, they may possibly be sojourners in this land of abundance and good cheer. Speaking of taverns in 'southern towns,' our traveller says,

'These are sometimes quite as large, often nearly so, as the York-House at Bath. On arriving, your luggage is immediately carried to the baggage-room, that the lobby may not be crowded; and the passengers afterwards either send it to their bed-rooms at their leisure, or allow it to remain locked up. You are then shown into a large room, which communicates with the bar, or into a reading-room filled with newspapers from almost every state in the Union. Usually about half past eight o'clock the bell rings for breakfast, and you sit down, with sixty or eighty persons, to tea and coffee, and every variety of flesh, fowl, and fish, wheat bread, Indian-corn bread, buck-wheat cakes, &c. &c. Every one rises as soon as he has finished his meal, and the busy scene is usually over in ten minutes. At two or three o'clock the bell rings, and the door unlocks for dinner. The stream *rushes* in and *dribbles* out as at breakfast, and the room is clear in less than a quarter of an hour. At dinner, there are frequently four or five turkeys on the table, and the greatest possible variety and profusion of meat, poultry, and pastry. The waiters, who are numerous, civil, and attentive, carve; few persons appearing to have leisure to assist their neighbors. There are decanters of brandy in a row down the table, which appeared to me to be used with great moderation, and for which no extra charge is made. Tea is a repetition of break-

fast, with the omission of beef steaks, but in other respects with almost equal profusion of meat, fowls, turkey-legs, &c.' p. 106.

Who would not emigrate to such a country—a country, which, on the veracity of our author, may be emphatically styled the land of turkeys? From the time he set his foot on the American soil, till he left Virginia, he ‘does not recollect to have dined a single day without a turkey on the table;’ and, in ‘gentlemen’s houses,’ he often saw two. In Norfolk, on Christmas’ eve, he was told, that *six thousand* turkeys were in the market. Now if the marshal’s returns are to be credited, and there is any truth in arithmetic, this would make two thirds of a turkey for every individual, man, woman, and child, master and servant, in that happy town. A family circle of six persons, seated around a dinner table, would have their eyes gladdened with the sight of four turkeys invitingly placed before them; and if to these be added the profusion of meat, poultry, and fish, mentioned above as the common fare of a tavern, what can be imagined more sumptuous than a Norfolk Christmas’ dinner?

After having crossed, as he says, and as we believe, many rivers and creeks, and passed through swamps and monotonous pine barrens; after having seen a rice plantation in Georgetown, and been ‘shocked at the vacant looks and ragged appearance of the slaves;’ and after several other incidents, which we forbear to call up, Mr Hodgson at length arrived in the metropolis of South Carolina. Of the proverbial hospitality of that city, so much and so justly lauded by strangers, he was made a welcome partaker; and he speaks kindly of the attentions of a ‘venerable friend,’ that was ‘descended from one of the old *patrician families*, who form as it were the *nobility* of Carolina.’ So much was he captivated with this descendant of the patricians, that he expresses a conviction, that even in Europe he would be second to few, whether regarded as a statesman, a scholar, or a gentleman. The only sources of regret seem to have been, that this worthy friend, this green branch of the decaying trunk of nobility, whom in another place he calls a general, should be a planter and a slave holder. He was nearly reconciled to this fatality, however, when he visited the plantation with its owner, and found him a humane man, and the slaves happy and glad to see their master, who talked familiarly with them,

and ordered wine and oranges for the invalids. The slaves were seen 'cowering over a fire, although the day was *oppressively hot*,' and this in the middle of February. On the whole, he returned from this jaunt, with the impressions of the miseries of slavery, which his fancy had pictured, considerably weakened, notwithstanding he had been thrown into a fright at hearing, even in the presence of his benevolent friend, a company of slaves 'hideously called' a gang. What there is in this innocent, old English term, that should commit such violence on his nerves, he does not explain; nor does he stop to tell why it should be winged with less melody to his ears, than the nautical name of crew, or the military one of squadron, or the civil one of company, or any other technical term, which the tyrant custom capriciously invests with the trappings of authority and use.

From the following description of what the author considers the first society of Carolina, we almost forget, that we are moderns of the nineteenth century, dwelling in a land of equal rights and laws, and begin to imagine ourselves back with the old Romans, in the days of the aspiring Cæsar, or the proud Tarquin.

'The best society here consists of a few old patrician families, who form a select circle, into which the "*novi homines*," unless distinguished by great personal merit, find it extremely difficult to gain admission. Strangers well introduced, and of personal respectability, are received with much liberality and attention. Many of the old gentlemen were educated at English colleges, and retain something of their original attachment to the mother country, notwithstanding their sensibility to recent calumny and misrepresentation. Their manners are extremely agreeable, resembling the more polished of our country gentlemen, and are formed on the model of what in England we call "the old school." They are, however, the last of their generation, and will leave a blank much to be deplored when they pass away. The young ladies of the patrician families are delicate, refined, and intelligent; rather distant and reserved to strangers, but frank and affable to those who are familiarly introduced to them by their fathers and brothers. They go very early into company, are frequently married at sixteen or eighteen years of age, and generally under twenty, and have retired from the vortex of gay society, before even the fashionable part of my fair countrywomen would formerly have entered it. They often lament that the high standard of manners, to which they have been accustomed, seems doomed to perish with the generation

of their fathers. The fact is, that the absence of the privileges of primogeniture, and the repeated subdivision of property, are gradually effecting a change in the structure of society in South Carolina, and will shortly efface its most interesting and characteristic features.' pp. 120, 121.

What heart so hard as not to be melted at this dark picture, and sigh with the fair daughters of Carolina over the expiring glory of their ancestral nobility? Who can withhold his sympathy in the melancholy forebodings of the time, when the most beautiful and interesting features of good society are to be marred and disfigured by the cruel operation of our equalizing laws, when personal worth shall be the only badge of noble distinction, when the humble race of *novi homines* shall take the stand, which merit claims, and rely on the force of virtue and character to gain the respect and affection of their fellow citizens? How great is the pity, that no herald's office has been established in Carolina, to avert a calamity so appalling, and prop up with titles the few crumbling monuments of nobility, which are doomed even now to stand in mockery of their former splendor, shuddering at the fate which threatens them, without power to resist the devouring tide of degeneracy and decay.

Borne down with reflections so gloomy, it is no wonder our traveller's spirits should flag, and that he should remain not many days amidst these ruins of falling greatness. He made his way to New Orleans by the common road through Georgia, the Indian country, and Alabama. For an account of his observations and perilous adventures on this journey, the formidable swamps and flooded creeks, the stories of Indian murders, the howling of wolves, the flashing of fire flies, which

'Now motionless and dark, eluded search,
Self shrouded; and, anon, starring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire,'—

the long and dismal forests, the wretched cabins and coarse fare, the frog concerts, and the terrible panic of James, who, for two hours in a dark night and in the midst of a swamp, was seized with a shaking and profuse perspiration occasioned by the fear, that the 'pound of bacon in his saddle bag would allure the alligators to him;' for these and other matters of

high moment, we refer our readers to the narrative itself. The traveller, in passing, enters his protest against the doings of the people of Savannah, who were so unwise as to build wooden houses on the ruins of those lately burnt down, thus setting at naught the admonitions of experience, and challenging anew the fury of the elements. He commends the cautious police of Charleston, which 'stations a person every night on the steeple of one of the churches,' to watch for fires and sound the alarm.

The day he left Charleston, mounted on a 'sorry vehicle,' he saw negroes in the cotton fields at 'work under a broiling sun and a driver's lash;' and in the same paragraph he utters a bitter complaint against the 'excessive cold of the night.' He stopped for a short space at Mobile, from which town he dated a letter, and where, to his 'surprise,' he found the *Dairyman's Daughter*, and *Little Jane*, in a bookseller's shop. At New Orleans his emotions were of a mixed character; with some things he was pleased, and with many offended. In the year 1815, he informs us, 'there was not a Bible to be found, either for sale, or to be given away,' in the whole metropolis of Louisiana. It argues something in favor of the moral energy of the people, that within five years afterwards, a Bible Society was formed, and two large churches erected.

From New Orleans Mr Hodgson proceeded up the Mississippi in a steam boat, and happily escaping the *planters* and *sawyers*, so terrific to the navigators of that river, he landed at Natchez. Here he lodged in the same house, and dined and supped at the same table, with the governor of the state, for two days, without knowing it. When he made the discovery, however, he delivered his letter of introduction, and acknowledges an affable and kind reception, letting it be known at the same time, that the governor was descended from a highly respectable family in Virginia, and not concealing his special wonder, that he should have so little of the patrician in him, as to come down to the low estate of 'taking his meals at the common table, where there was a promiscuous assemblage of merchants, agents, and clerks.' And more particularly was his mind stirred up within him at this circumstance, after having 'met at Washington governors of other states, with far less solid titles to personal and hereditary respectability, aristocratical enough in their behavior.' We hope to

be pardoned here, if we think the author a little capricious in some of his notions. He deplores the absence of a hereditary nobility among us, weeps at the downfall of our patrician families, laments that we are not blessed with a law of primogeniture, and then suddenly turns round and casts reproach on our worthy governors, in the same breath that he confesses they act their part with becoming aristocratical dignity. We know not what this is but a contradiction. There may be a secret at the bottom, which our short vision does not penetrate. Our governors are not *hereditary* aristocrats; they are *novi homines*, men of yesterday; they have no patrician blood in them. Hence it is, perhaps, that our high minded traveller would have them know their place better, than to put on aristocratical airs even in the city of Washington.

Whoever will look into the author's two long letters dated at Natchez, will be made acquainted with a series of very remarkable stories concerning the amusement, which the southern planters give themselves in shooting negroes. On one occasion a planter invites his friends to dinner, with the promise of a frolic, and the sport consists in hunting, after dinner, two runaway negroes concealed on his plantation. 'They all fired at their *game*, but unfortunately missed.' At another time a man sits all the morning in his 'viranda,' with his gun in his hand, watching a slave, whom he suspects of intending to escape, and is prepared to shoot him if he moves. The author had the happiness to be acquainted with a 'mild young planter,' who had lately shot a slave; and in South Carolina he had an account of a young negro woman being burnt alive for having murdered her master. These, and other bloody stories of a similar cast, fill several pages, and remind us of the days of giants, the exploits of robbers, and the legends of romance. We doubt not the strength of the author's faith, but we are willing to believe, that he was very deliberately imposed on by the wags of Mississippi, and have a much firmer conviction of the extent of his credulity, than of the seriousness and veracity of his informers. He nowhere says, that he attended such a dinner party as he describes, or even saw any person hunting negroes.

To the account here given of Mr Hodgson's travels, we will only add, that we find him soon after in Richmond, and

at a later period in the New England states. Between Portland and Saco he encountered tremendous snow drifts, and the perils of the south seemed to pursue him to the north. He was first accommodated with what he calls a 'unicorn equipage,' but this proving inconvenient in the pathless roads, he and James were thrust into a 'tandem sleigh about as large as a parlor coal box.' Thus equipped, they moved heavily over the snowy waste, and were doomed at every step to see

'Other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain.'

But as their good stars would have it, they finally arrived in Portsmouth. Here the supreme court was about to commence its session, and the inns were full, and the weather beaten traveller was obliged to breakfast the next morning 'amid a motley group, one of the judges, and several lawyers.' As some compensation for this disaster, he was gratified with being present at the opening of the court. 'The aspect of the court in general,' he observes, 'pleased me, from the homely, suitable appearance of those of whom it was composed ; homespun clothes, with large buttons and long waists ; waistcoats with the old triangular indenture, or pointed flaps ; and hats with good broad respectable brims.' With this hint he proceeds to draw a parallel between the dress of the New Englanders, and the people of the middle and southern states, and records it as his opinion, that the New Englanders excel in their notions of adaptation and utility, and of what constitutes the agreeable and 'picturesque' in the color and fashioning of outward garments. He says, that blue coats and pantaloons, and black waistcoats, meet the eye so constantly at the south as to produce a monotony, which is not seen at the north.

We should do injustice to the author not to notice a new method, which he has adopted, and which we presume he invented, of classifying the inhabitants of the United States. He has constructed a scale with three divisions, in some one of which he finds a place for every individual in our wide spread republic. These divisions he denominates classes, and whether, in imitation of the great Linnæus, he intends to pursue his scheme into orders, genera, species, and varieties.

does not appear. Thus far he intimates no such design, aware, perhaps, that simplicity is the crowning beauty of all systems of classification and arrangement.

His first class is comparatively small, including 'what are termed the revolutionary heroes, who hold a sort of *patent nobility*, undisputed by the bitterest enemies of aristocracy.' They are scattered in different parts of the country, and 'many of them, at least, are delighted to trace their descent to English families of rank, and to boast of the pure English blood, which flows in their veins.' These, together with the patricians, whom the author found in South Carolina, and as far as we can learn nowhere else, constitute the highest division on his scale. The young ladies in this division, who, it is presumed, inherit from their fathers some share of their patent nobility, 'are particularly agreeable, refined, accomplished, intelligent, and well bred.' In families of this description, Mr Hodgson passed many happy hours, and met with little to remind him, that he was not in the society of the respectable country gentlemen of old England, who had seen something of political life, and occasionally visited the metropolis.

His second class reaches to a much broader compass than the first, as it embraces politicians, lawyers, merchants, agriculturalists, and, in short, 'the most respectable of the *novi homines* of every profession.' This class he places considerably below the corresponding one in England, as being less polished, not so well educated, and less scientific and profound. Mr Hodgson never forgets the young ladies. We have witnessed his encomiums on those of Carolina, and of the patrician order generally. Let us see how he speaks of those, who come under his second division. 'The young ladies of this class,' he says, 'are lively, modest, and unreserved, easy in their manners, and rather gay and social in their dispositions; at the same time, they are very observant of the rules of female propriety; and if they ever displease, it is rather from indifference, than from either bashfulness or effrontery.' What lady so fastidious as not to be pleased with this portraiture; or so vain as to think herself disparaged, in being put below the upper rank, when she is allowed to adorn with accomplishments so rare the station to which she is assigned?

The Boston ladies, in particular, ought surely to feel a due self complacency, and a becoming gratitude to their generous encomiast. After praising the Quaker costume in Philadelphia, and doubting whether the characteristic shrillness of voice, which slides from the tongues of some of the fair inhabitants of that city of brotherly love, would pass without remark in England; and after showing how it is, that the females in this country cannot be expected to have their taste so much matured, and their intellect so widely expanded, as in his native island, he closes the description of his second class as follows. 'Among the young ladies of Boston there appeared to me to be, if less refinement than in the Carolinians, yet a very agreeable union of domestic habits and literary taste, and great kindness and simplicity of manners.'

The third class may be despatched in one word. It comprehends all, that stand on the scale below the second, and thus takes in the great mass of our population.

As admirable as this new mode of classification undoubtedly is, it has the peculiar merit of tending to a still greater simplicity. By the author's account, the first class is already in a sickly state, and must soon dwindle away, and be numbered with the days before the flood, never more to be called

'From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years.'

We shall then have two classes only; beyond this point classification cannot be simplified; art can do no more. Let us applaud the ingenuity, which, in the important matter of settling the ranks of society among us, has hit on a method so congenial with the structure and tone of our political establishments.

In conclusion, we have only to say, that we cannot conceive of any possible harm in Mr Hodgson's amusing himself with writing letters to his friends, during his rambles in America. This was natural in a man of an amiable temper, and kindly feelings. But we cannot commend the judgment, which should print and publish such letters as these before us. A traveller should not believe all he hears, and be struck with wonder at all he sees, nor think the whole world has seen and heard as little as himself. A few months' residence in a country is not enough to qualify one to write

a book on the government, manners, laws, customs, peculiarities, and morals of the people. Mr Hodgson travelled over an extent of seven thousand miles, and was always in motion, and yet he undertakes to classify and characterize all the inhabitants of this immense region. The consequence is, that he is wise without knowledge; he makes distinctions where none exist, and talks too much of trifles. He is credulous, and loves to tell of strange things, and repeats the idlest tales with an air of faith and seriousness. The value of the real information, which he gives, is much diminished by his want of discrimination, and by his propensity to think all people as honest and well meaning as himself. His book is creditable to his heart and his principles; we should be glad if as much could be said of his discretion and judgment.

ART. XIII.—*Histoire comparée des Systèmes de Philosophie, considérés relativement aux Principes des Connaissances humaines.* Par M. DE GERANDO, Membre de l'Institut de France. Deuxième Edition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1822.

THE History of Philosophy is an entire blank in English literature, excepting always the elegant dissertations by Mr Stewart in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia. These, however, treat exclusively of the three last centuries, and of that period in a very summary way. They are rather fitted to make us feel the want of a more complete work on the same subject, than to supply it. The abridgment of Brucker by Enfield, though valuable to the mere English reader for the information contained in it, does not possess the character of an original treatise; and one or two imperfect essays of an earlier date are now forgotten. We are told by Mr Stewart, in his life of Adam Smith, that this eminent philosopher had conceived the design of writing a full history of the intellectual and moral sciences, which he had cultivated with so much success, and that he had in part prepared the materials. It can never be sufficiently regretted, that he did not carry his intention into effect, or that the knowledge of it had not